The bigboond *Warwicke* hath breathde his laſt,
And heauen this day hath ſmilde vpon vs all,
But in this cleere and bright ſome day,
I ſee a blacke ſuſpitious cloude appeare
That will encounter with our glorious ſunne
Before he gaine his eaſefull weſterne beames,
I meane thoſe powers which the Queene hath got in *Fraunce*,
Are landed, and meane once more to menace vs.
Glo. *Oxford* and *Sommerſet* are fled to her,
And tis likelie if ſhe haue time to breath,
Her faction will be full as ſtrong as ours.
Ed. We are aduertiſde by our louiug friends,
That they do holde their courſe towardes Tewxburie:
Thither will we, for willingneſſe rids way,
And in euerie countie as we paſſe along,
Our ſtrengthes ſhall be augmented. Come, lets goe;
For if we ſlacke this faire bright Summers daie,
Sharpe Winters ſhowers will marre our hope for haie.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter the Queene, Prince Edward, Oxford, & Sommerſet, with Drumme & Souldiers.

Quee. Welcome to England, my louing friends of France,
And welcome *Sommerſet* and *Oxford* too.
Once more haue we ſpread our Sailes abroad:
And though our tackling be almoſt conſumde,
And *Warwicke* as our maine-Maſt ouerthrowne,
Yet warlike Lordes, raiſe you that ſturdie poſt,
That beares the ſailes to bring vs vnto reſt.
And *Ned* and I as willing Pilots ſhould
For once with carefull mindes guide on the ſterne,
To beare vs through that dangerous gulfe,
That heretofore hath ſwallowed vp our friendes.
Prince. And if there be, as God forbid there ſhould,
Amongſt vs a timerous or fearefull man,
Let him depart before the Battaile ioyne,
Leaſt he in time of need intiſe another,
And ſo withdraw the Souldiers harts from vs.

I will

I will not ſtand aloofe and bi
But with my ſword preſſe in t
And ſingle *Edward* from his ſt
And hand to hand, enforce hi
Or leaue my bodie as witneſſe
Ox. Women and Children
And warriours faint, why tw
Oh braue young prince, thy
Doth liue againe in thee: lon
To beare his Image, and to re
Som. And he that turnes an
Let him to bed, and like the
Be hiſt and wondred at, if he

Enter a Meſſenger

Meſ. My Lords, Duke *Edw*
Is marching hitherwards to fi
Ox. I thought it was his po
but heere will we ſtand, and fig

Enter king Edward, Cla.
Ed. See brothers, yonder ſta
Which by gods aſiſtance and
Shall with our swordes ere nig
Quee. Lords, Knightes, and
My teares gainſay: for as you
The water of mine eies. Then
Henrie your king is priſoner i
His land and all our friends ar
And yonder ſtands the Wolfe
Then on Gods name, Lords t
All. Saint *George* for *Lancaſ*

Alarmes to the Battaile, Yorkeſt
ged. Then enter the King, Cla
great ſhout, and crie; For
the Queene is taken, the
Sum. & then ſound.